

GAGAKU

the insects are out  
this morning  
a small spider  
a giant fly  
surely this fly  
could conquer that spider  
I open my front door  
the fly moves out  
I close my front door  
already  
I have slain the tiny spider  
after writing a small number  
of these

gagaku

I will run upon the beach  
200 yards and I  
must walk  
yesterday I began this hideous ritual  
trotting along an ocean's edge  
200 yards was all I could  
feign a human  
running

the poet must stay in shape  
allow little fat to surround his heart  
build up endurance  
if I am to write  
500 to 1 thousand gagaku  
each ten weeks  
for 40 years  
I must keep in condition  
the demons shrug  
they don't know what to do  
with my hope.

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it is good to talk  
to mystics  
occasionally  
see them ride off  
on their bicycle  
and the enchantress  
baking her bread  
I begin to feel when  
woman visits man it  
is to join  
you will disagree  
with me  
if you my reader  
are a woman and I  
will agree  
with you  
with luck then I shall  
if attracted  
do all I might to  
prove myself  
true.